PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

VOL. 5.—NO. 8.] PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDY, MAY 15, 1856. [WHOLE NO. 216.

THE BANNER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY WM. J. BURNS.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, - - - - - $1 50
At the end of six months, - - - - 2 00
If delayed until the end of the year, 2 50

A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement, and the paper continued.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

☞ The above terms will be strictly adhered to.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

'Our neighbors are very shy,' said Mark Coleman to his wife, as they sat together by their cheerful fire one evening in early autumn.

'Yes, very.'

'Has any one called besides Mrs. Lewis?'

'No one. I suppose they did not like the report she gave. She was very observing during her stay, and no doubt took an inventory of everything in the room.'

'Yes, yes, I understand—if we had only spent two or three hundred dollars of other people's money in finishing and furnishing our house, all the neighbors would have called on you before now.—But don't let us mind it. We have chosen our course. They will think differently by and by. We shall, however, learn how highly to value their friendship when proffered,' added Mr. Coleman, with some bitterness.

'Now, Mark, don't let their neglect sour your feelings. There are some very kind and good hearted people in the world.'

'I suppose there are, but it seems to me their number is very small.'

But who is Mark Coleman? He is an industrious, hard working young man. who began the world with nothing, but who had very firmly settled one thing in his mind, which was that he would some day be rich. Another point was, if possible, still more firmly settled, namely, that he would never run in debt to the value of a dollar. He had worked hard for several years, to obtain the means to erect a small house and shop of his own. He had been some time attached to an estimable young lady, as poor in the world as himself.

The union had been so long deferred, that both parties grew impatient for the time to come. Though only two rooms in the house were finished so as to be habitable, they resolved to wait no longer.—But a small sum of money remained to furnish even those two rooms. But scanty as was the furniture which this sum would procure, they adhered to their first resolution not to run in debt, but to wait until more could be obtained without obtaining it on credit.

Mr. Coleman and his wife were not mistaken in regard to the reason why their neighbors were so shy. The evening after Mrs. Lewis called upon them, she met a neighbor, who said to her—

'Did you call upon our new neighbor?'

'I did.'

'How did you like the appearance of things?'

'They are clever people enough, no doubt, but I must say that I never saw a house so meanly furnished in all my life. Only two rooms are finished, and even these are not half furnished. If you will believe me, there were but two chairs in the room. As Mrs. Coleman offered hers to me, she was obliged to seat herself on the bed. There was not a table anywhere. A chest stood in the room, which appeared to supply the place of one.'

'Well, I never heard the beat of it.—What could possess them to begin life in such a way?'

'You know Mark Coleman began the world with nothing. I suppose his means were exhausted by the time he had finished his shop and half finished his house.'

'I would have had decent furniture at all events, if I had been obliged to obtain it on credit.'

'I have been told that Mark Coleman has set out with the determination never to contract a debt.'

'They are very singular, certainly. If they don't live in a respectable way, I don't see how they can expect to associate with respectable people.'

A few days after the conversation between Mrs, Coleman and his wife, which has been related, as Mrs. Coleman was removing the tea things, not from the table, but from the chest which, as Mrs. Lewis surmised—took its place, she suddenly exclaimed—

'Mark, there is Mrs. Ives! coming towards the house.'

'Mrs. Ives! the rich Mrs. Ives! What can bring her here? It must be but mere curiosity.'

'Perhaps she has heard how we live, and has come to see if the report can be true.'

'She is welcome to all she can see.—We shall ask nothing for the sight,' replied Mr. Coleman, with some bitterness of manner.

Mrs. Ives had not been in the house more than ten minutes before both husband and wife repented of their uncharitable judgment in regard to the motives which brought her there. The sincere kindness of her manner, and the absence of everything like affectation or condescension, won their confidence. In the charm of her conversation the fact was quite forgotten that their house was more plainly or more scantily furnished than their neighbors. But this fact was at length recalled to their minds by Mrs. Ives observing to Mr. Coleman—

'You seem to be setting out right in the world, my young friend. I suppose you intend to be rich one of these days, and I think you will succeed.'

'We hope some day to be better off than we now are,' replied Mr. Coleman. 'I know we have begun life differently from most young people,' he added, casting his eyes around the scantily furnished apartment, 'and the most of our neighbors think the worse of us for it. But the fact is, we have both of us set out with the determination never to contract a debt.'

'I doubt not you will soon be able to finish your house and furnish it neatly,' said Mrs. Ives. kindly and approvingly. 'I admire your spirit of honesty and independence, and should be sorry to do anything to wound it. But we have some furniture in our garret, which we stored there to make room for more, and if you will accept the loan of some chairs and a table until it is convenient for you to purchase those which will suit you better, it will gratify me much to let you have them.'

This offer was made with so much kindness and delicacy, that Mr. Coleman could not sefuse or feel wounded by it. After Mrs. Ives had left, he exclaimed—

'That is what I call a kind and true-hearted woman. She has made me think better of the world than I did half an hour ago.'

This was true. The delicate act of kiadness had stolen the bitterness from the heart of the proud man—for proud he was, and it had taught him to think more charitable of all his race.

Years passed on. Mark Coleman's dreams were more than realized. His house soon finished and neatly furnished; after which he had no reason to complain of his neighbors. But he did not remain there many years. He removed to a larger place where he could extend his operations. After the first few years, wealth flowed in upon him as rapidly as he could desire. But it is not our purpose to follow him through his course.

Our tale now passes over a period of some years. In a pleasant village many miles from its opening scene, stands a dilapidated dwelling, of that peculiar hue which the suns and storms of three-fourths of a century impart to the natural color of wood. This dwelling is inhabited by a lone widow, and an invalid granddaughter, a girl of fourteen.

The couch of the invalid is placed in the most comfortable corner of the only comfortable apartment the dwelling contains. A stand is placed by the side of the bed, covered with a clean white cloth, On this stand the widow is preparing to place the evening meal,—While thus employed she suddenly stopped, exclaimig—

'Here is farmer White coming with the grain he promised to let me have. I must get the money for him.'

So saying, she stepped quietly to the old bureau which stands in the corner of the room. Unlocking one of the drawers, she takes out a bill from a box deposited in the corner of this drawer, and hastens out to meet the farmer. The eyes of the young invalid follow her sadly as she takes the bill from the box, and also as she carefully deposits in the same place the bills and the change given her by the farmer. Nothing, however, is said until the evening meal is over, and the tea things removed and put back in their places. Then the invalid murmurs—'Grandmother!' The widow instantly approached the bed, and stands by its side.

'What was that bill which farmer white changed for you, grandmother?'

'It was a five dollar bill.'

'Was it the last you had?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Is then our money so nearly spent?—I fear it will not last till you get your pension, and then if you should not get it, what should we do?'

'Try to obey your Heavenly Father to-night, dear Alice. He says: "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."'

The young girl seemed hardly to heed this remark, so intently were her thoughts fixed upon the subject which occupied her mind.

'Is it not time to hear from Mr. B—, the gentleman who promised to get the pension for you,' she continued.

'Yes, quite time; I think we must hear very soon.'

'Did Mr. Mason promise to enquire at the office for you when he returned from work?'

'He did, and he is coming towards the house this moment. He must have a letter.'

The widow hastened to the door, and soon returned with the letter in her hand.

'Is it from Mr. B——?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'Do open it. What does he say?'

'When we think how much depends upon this letter, my dear, we should first lift up our hearts to God, that he would give us grace to bear his holy will, whatever it may be.'

It seemed to the anxious, expectant girl as if it took her grandmother a very long while to cross the room to where the old bureau stood—to take up her spectacles which lay upon the top of it, and adjust them upon her head—to break with a trembling hand the seal, and possess herself of the contents of the letter, although it was brief.

'What does he say?' she anxiously asked.

'He says that unexpected difficulties have arisen, and he does not now think he shall be able to obtain the pension.'

'Oh, grandmother, and you are spending the last five dollars in the world.—What shall we do?'

'We have never yet wanted for any of the necessaries of life, my child.'

'I know it, mother; but we have never before been destitute of the means of procuring them. Since we have been here we have lived on the money obtained by the sale of your furniture when you left B——, but now if you do not obtain your pension, we have nothing on which to depend.'

'Then, my dear, we must depend wholly upon our heavenly Father. He is very rich. The silver and gold are his, and the cattle upon the thousand hills, and his rich promises are worthy of himself.'

'But he does not work miracles, grandmother. We have no friends here, and no one cares at all for us. The only person who visits us is Mrs. Moore, and she comes not from any interest in us, but from a love of gossip, and a desire to tell us all the news. Mrs. Moore says it is a hard place for poor people, and she never saw a place where people concerned themselves so little about their destitute neighbors.'

'All this may be true, and yet He who hath declared himself able to raise up children unto Abraham from the stones of the field, can raise us up friends when we need them, even in this place so apparently unpropitious in this respect.

Time passed on, and the remnant of the five dollars, though carefully expended, gradually melted away until all was gone, and the necessary supplies it had obtained were nearly exhausted.

'Will the food we have last longer than to-morrow?' inquired Alice, anxiously.'

'I think not,' was the reply.

'Does your faith begin to fail yet, grandmother?' she asked, as she looked at her grandmother's placid countenance.

'Why should it, my dear? We have not reached the extremity yet. Man's extremity is God's opportunity, you know.'

But the faith of the young girl had not been strengthened and developed by a life of discipline and trial. She knew not how to trust in an hour so dark as this. All the evening she tossed restlessly upon her pillow. Withdrawing the curtain which shaded the window near her bed, and looking out she suddenly exclaimed—

'Oh, Grandmother! brilliant lights are gleaming from the windows of the great house on the hill! What does it mean? The house has been shut up ever since we lived here.'

'This reminds me,' said the grandmother, 'of what Mrs. Moore told me to day. She said that a wealthy gentleman had purchased the house and was moving in.'

'What is the gentleman's name?'

'I believe she told me his name, but I don't recollect it.'

Alice gazed a few minutes longer at the bright light gleaming from the window, then sinking back upon her pillow with a sigh, she said—

'How cheerfully it looks over there! how differently from ours!'

Her aged parent read what was passing in her mind, and said—

'Alice, my child, do not envy the inmates of yonder mansion. Our sorrows are preparing us for a brighter home than that. There is no mansion on earth, however pleasant or richly furnished it may be, into which sin, suffering and death have not free entrance. But into the home towards which we are journeying, neither weeping nor wailing can enter. How glorious will be the light of that place, which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to light it, for the glory of God is the light thereof.'

Another day wore away, and the widow's little stock of provisions was quite exhausted. As evening drew on she sat by the bed side of the invalid, endeavoring to sustain her by the repetition of those sure promises on which her own soul rested.'

'If we had thousands of gold and silver my dear,' she said, 'we should not be secure against want, for these might fail us; but the precious promises between the lids of the blessed Bible can never fail. They were given expressly to cheer and bless us while passing through the wilderness of this world. We will not need them when we enter our haven of rest. Let me repeat to you some of these precious promises: "I have been young and now am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "Trust in the Lord and do good; thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "And seek not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind; for all these things do the nations of the world seek after; and your father knoweth that ye have need of these things." When, my dear child, a promise seems particularly appropriate to our present wants and necessities, we may feel assured that we have a special warrant, a particular invitation as it were, to lay hold and rest upon.'

The gray twilight was fast deepening into the shades of night, and objects were becoming indistinct, when the widow perceived the figure of a man approaching her dwelling. She hastened to light her last candle, and had barely time to do so before a rap summoned her to the door. The door being opened, a gentleman, apparently about sixty, entered the apartment, and accepted the widow's courteous invitation to be seated.

'I hope you will not consider this call as an intrusion,' he said. 'I have now become a neighbor of yours. Yesterday I moved into the house yonder on the hill. Perhaps you will think I lay claim to the privilege of making a neighborly call at an early day—but to this claim I believe I may add another, that of former acquaintance,'

'Indeed!' said the widow, in a tone of voice indicating some surprise, while at the same time she carefully scanned the countenance of her visitor, to see if she could discover any familiar lineaments there.

'You do not recognize me?'

'I do not.'

'Do you remember a young mechanic by the name of Mark Coleman, who was settled near you when you lived in B——?'

'Yes, I remember Mark Coleman very well.'

'Well, I am Mark Coleman.'

'Is it possible! and you have come to reside in the large house yonder?'

'I have. You are surprised, but you cannot possibly be more so than I was this morning when asking one of my new neighbors who resided here, I was informed that it was Mrs. Ives, the widow of the late General Ives.' Mr. Coleman sat for half an hour, conversing of the past and present. His manner was very kind and respectful. When rising to take leave, he said:

'Now, Mrs. Ives, I have one request to make of you. If I should consider it a duty, and also a great privilege, to return some of the kindness of former years, I beg you will not feel oppressed with the slightest weight of obligation on that account, but will regard it as no more than what is justly due.'

As Mrs. Ives lighted Mr. Coleman through the little hall leading to the outer door, he pointed to a basket, which unperceived by her he had deposited there on entering.

'Hearing you had an invalid granddaughter,' he said, 'although it is my first visit, I have ventured to bring along some delicacies which may tempt her appetite.'

Mrs. Ives took the basket to the bedside of Alice, and displaying its contents, said;

'See here, my child, we only asked for bread, and our heavenly Father has given us luxuries which might tempt the appetite of an epicure. Shall we not trust in Him for the future?'

Since the time that Mrs. Ives and Mr. Coleman were formerly neighbors, Mrs. Ives had passed through a long season of bereavement and losses. Death had deprived her of her beloved husband, and not one of the dear circle of her children remained to her. Losses and misfortunes had also stript them of their once handsome property. All that was now left to her was a grandchild, apparently a confirmed invalid, and the dilapidated dwelling which sheltered them. This had once been mortgaged to her husband, and now remained in her possession, because those who had claims upon the estate had not thought it worth looking after.

After the night of Mr. Coleman's first visit, the wants of Mrs. Ives and her granddaughter were abundantly supplied by him. Several weeks passed by, and winter drew near.

'I fear,' said Alice to her grandmother one night, 'that you will never get along through the cold weather, in this uncomfortable dwelling.'

'What! distrusting again, Alice, when we have been so wonderfully provided for?'

'I know Mr. Coleman is very, very kind, and mades us as comportable as we can be made here; but you are aged and infirm, and can never pass a winter in such an abode as this.' Mr. Ives was about to reply, when Alice, who was looking out of the window, exclaimed—

'There comes Mrs. Moore. I wonder what has happened? She must have some news to communicate, for nothing else would ever bring her here.'

Mrs. Moore did not keep Alice in suspense a great while, for she had not been seated long when she opened her budget of news.

'You know,' she said, turning to Mrs. Ives, 'that cottage at the foot of the hill, beyond Mr. Coleman's?'

'Yes: it has been shut up ever since we lived here.'

'It is sold.'

'Who has bought it?'

'Mr. Coleman has bought it. As I passed the house to-day, I saw a large load of goods standing before the door, enough to furnish the cottage very neatly; so I suppose it will soon be inhabited.—Every one is curious to know who is going to live there.'

Mrs. Ives smiled as she replied:

'If the goods have come, no doubt the inmates will shortly follow, so that every one's curiosity will be gratified.'

The next day was one of those beautiful days which occur in the latter part of November, and whose charms are partially expressed by the appellation of 'Indian Summer.' In the morning, as Alice looked from the window, she called to her grandmother, saying—

'Mr. Coleman's carriage is driving up to the door, grandmother.'

Mr. Coleman alighted from the carriage and entered the house.

'Come, Alice,' said he, 'don't you think you have strength to take a short ride? This day may be the last of the Indian Summer.'

Alice was pleased with the thought of a ride, though somewhat doubtful if she were able to bear the exertion.

'I think you can,' said Mr. Coleman,—'The driver and myself will place you carefully in the carriage, which is very easy, and your grandmother shall go with you. You had better take a farewell look at the old house, Alice, for it is not probable that you will ever see it again.'

Alice looked at him with a startled air, which Mr. Coleman perceiving, said—

'Don't be alarmed, Alice. If you should wish to return, I promise to bring you safely back.'

The carriage passed up the gentle ascent leading to Mr. Coleman's house, and down again on the opposite side, until it reached the cottage spoken of by Mrs. Moore. It drew up before the door of this cottage.

'How do you like your new home, Alice?' asked Mr. Coleman. 'I hope it pleases you, for your grandmother has a deed of the place.'

Mrs. Ives looked at Mr. Coleman with surprise.

'It is true, madam, and here is the document,' said Mr. Coleman, as he took a paper from his pocket and placed it in her hands. 'But we must not stop to speak of this now, for Alice is growing tired.'

So saying, he let down the steps of the carriage, and gently lifting Alice, bore her into one of the neat front rooms of the cottage, and placed her upon a bed which had been carefully prepared for this purpose.

'Oh, Mr. Coleman!' said Alice, 'how kind.'

'Now, no thanks, Alice,' interrupted Mr. Coleman, 'for there is no call for any. You see I am going to ask your grandmother to give me a title to the house you have left in exchange for the deed I have spoken of. As it is in full view of my own dwelling, and adds not at all to the beauty of the landscape, I shall consider myself quite a gainer to obtain the privilege of pulling it down.'

Alice and her grandmother spent a very comfortable winter in their new and pleasant home. In the spring Mr. Coleman proposed that Alice should spend the summer in a neighboring city, under the care of an eminent physician, who he hoped might restore her to health. The plan was carried out with the most gratifying results. Alice returned in the fall greatly improved, and with the prospects of a speedy recovery. As she was sitting by her grandmother's fire one evening soon after her return, she said—

'It is just one year, grandmother, since Mr. Coleman first called on us and found us in such deep distress; how very, very kind he has been to us. If you had been his own mother, and I his daughter, he could hardly be more kind. What can have led him to take so deep an interest in us?'

'I am sure I don't know, my dear.—We were known to each other in former days, but I have no claim upon him for the many services he has rendered us.'

'He seems to think differently. He will never let us thank him, but seems pained if we attempt to do so.'

Mr. Coleman thinks differently, and we will listen to his own account of the matter. An old friend from the city was paying him a visit, and chanced to enquire who lived iv the neat cottage at the foot of the hill.

'Widow Ives lives there,' was the reply.

'Widow Ives! Not the widow of General Ives, formerly of B——?'

'Yes, the same.'

'Does she own the cottage?'

'She does.'

'But I have been informed that she had lost all her property, and was quite destitute.'

'She did lose the bulk of her property; but she made a good investment many years ago, which now yields enough to supply her with all the comforts of life in her old age.'

'Indeed, I am happy to hear it. I have been told she is a very estimable woman, and should like to hear more of her history, particularly of this fortunate investment of which you speak.'

In reply to this, Mr. Coleman related the history of his own setting out in life, and dwelling upon the sincere and delicate kindness shown to him at that time by Mrs. Ives. He wound up his narrative by saying—

'The interest of that old furniture shall supply that excellent woman with all she needs during the remainder of her life.'

'I think you sat a very high value upon this act of kindness,' replied his friend.

'I think you will agree with me in the opinion that I do not set too high a value upon it, when I have told you all. I have yet spoken only of the smallest and most unimportant part of the benefits which I derived from her kindness. Perhaps, I possessed naturally as much kindness of disposition as most persons, but the neglect I experienced in consequence of the humble appearance I made when first starting in the world, had a tendency to sour my feelings towards men.

'Besides this you are no doubt aware that such close economy and careful hoarding as my circumstances in life seemed to render necessary, often lead to the formation of close and penurious habits; and the man finds himself at last not only a rich man but also a miser. I have heard it related of a man worth his millions, that he would stand a long time before a stall, looking first at the cent he held in his hand, and then at the tempting peach, balancing in his mind whether he was willing to part with the cent for the luxury of the peach.

'Now, on my first acquaintance with Mrs. Ives, I was cherishing feelings which would have made me an easy victim to those snares which beset the path of him who accumulates wealth. Her kindness and sympathy awakened new thought and feeling. If embittered by some real or supposed neglect, the remembrance of it would awaken kinder thoughts and a more charitable judgment of my fellow men in general; when in after years opportunities of relieving and aiding others presented themselves, the remembrance of this act of kindness would incite me to the performance of similar charities. Its influence upon my whole after life was happy and benign.

'If I am regarded as a kind-hearted, benevolent man—and not as a cold-hearted, miserly hoarder of wealth—I owe it in no small degree to Mrs. Ives. She is not my debtor, but I am her's. I cannot repay the obligation I am under to her. It pains me to think that she should thank me for any act of kindness, for all is a vain attempt to express the gratitude I feel.'

Mrs. Ives lived to a good old age, and to see Alice well situated in life.

The most amusing story is told of Judge ——, now occupying a high post in the Pennsylvania State government. Traveling some years since by railroad to Harrisburg, on a blazing hot day, with some friends, the iron horse had stopped to water, when suddenly he drew his white handkerchief from his pocket and began vigorously waving it in the air, at the same time bobbing his head out of the window in a very energetic manner.

'What are you about, Judge?' asked Mr. Q., without raising from his seat.

'Why, don't you see, yonder? There's a lady waving her white handkerchief, and I'm returning the salute!'

'Who is she, Judge?' interrogated Mr. Q., as he lounged in one corner of the car with neither extremities curled up like a gigantic capital Z.

'Well, the fact is I don't exactly know; I'm quite near-sighted, and I can't recognize her; bnt she is dressed in gray silk, and stands yonder, upon a big maple tree, near my friend John B's house.'

Mr. Q hobbled over to the Judge's side, and gazed in the direction indicated, but saw only that the Judge had been exchanging salute for ten minutes *with an iron gray mare*, whose long white tail, as it flapped away the flies, had been taken by him for a white handkerchief waved by a lady in a gray silk dress.

The buttons that were subsequently picked up in that car are said to have been exceedingly numerous. The Judge did not swear but he changed the subject to saw-mills, the only intelligible portion of which being the frequent repetition of the word 'dam.'

An old ballad thus gives the geneolgy of snow—

'My father was the North Wind,
My mother's name was Water,
Parson Winter married them.
And I'm their hopeful daughter.'

Some persons eat hot soup with impunity; others with a spoon.